

2Pac Lyrics

"Peep Game"

(feat. Threat)

[2Pac:]

So what the fuck you talking about?! Aw, shit
Goody, goody, gumdrops
Nigga, get your hoodie and your gun cocked
Rock it till the drum stops, hip hop
Even if my shit flip flop
It probably wouldn't stop, talk shit and get socked
How ya hang em?
Know a realer nigga? You could bring him
If I don't represent the shit, I'll kick it
We could sway him, hunh! As if I know ya
Then I could show ya
But if I don't know, I gotta .44 fo' ya
So, so peep game, at point blank range
The fame can't change what the game maintains
Strange! Went against the grain
Aw shit! Flick or no flick I trips for no bitch
Catch up on your pimpin', I ain't simpin', I'm a diss her
Couldn't be my sister if she's actin' like I missed her
Tell me why they, tell me why they, tell me why they play me
Don't these niggas know that neither one of y'all can fade me
I ain't big, I ain't buff, I ain't deisel
But fuck wit 2Pac and pop goes the weasel
Me and Threat made a bet on how many fellas
Would jock a mothafuckin' real nigga cause they jealous
They do it for the fame
Explain, insane
What's in a name? What's in a name?
Peep game

[Deadly Threat:]

Punk bitch, how ya like me now?
Can't fuck around wit the funky style
Put it together like a puzzle builder
If Threat don't get cha, Pac gon' kill ya

[Deadly Threat:]

Killa Cali
The state where they kill
Down wit Oaktown? What's up homie, can I chill?
The bitches looking funny
Film at elev, film at eleven wit they minds on they heaven
Wit they .357
-Where you at?
-On the freeway, leaving LA
-OK, see you when get here loc
-OK
-Here I am. Here I am
-Goddamn that was quick

-Told ya I was coming. Who is that? Is that your woman?
-Na, that's just a hoochie looking for some juice
-What's up my nigga? What ya know? A nigga got a little bigger
That's all folks know
Fat gold ropes
Gotta keep a low key for my attack
When I approach, I want the diamonds, the pearls
The round the way girls
Cuz baby got, baby got back out this world
Would you give a fee? Never
Fly like a feather
Make more money than your daddy and your mama put together
The game is to be sold, not to be told
So buy it
Can't afford it?
Low budget hoes gotta brother
Peep game

[Deadly Threat:]

Punk bitch, how ya like me now?
Can't fuck around wit the funky style
Put it together like a puzzle builder
If Threat don't get cha, Pac gon' kill ya

[Deadly Threat:]

Don't sell out
Get the hell out
Cause here I come
Hit em with my bop gun
They came and they blast
We got witt they ass
And oh, pop this vest and all the rest of that mess
Coming through like Terminator 2
Boost your crew cuz we ain't afraid of you
You know what time it is wit me once the clock stike 3
We going coo-coo for Cocoa Puffs. Whooo eeii!!!

[Deadly Threat:]

Punk bitch, how ya like me now?
Can't fuck around wit the funky style
Put it together like a puzzle builder
If Threat don't get cha, Pac gon' kill ya

[2Pac:]

Time to get paid, time to get paid. Check
Time to represent the west homie, nuttin' but a vest on me
Got my hands on my Glock, eyes on the prize
First sucka jump, first nigga die
Gimme mine, gimme mine, gimme mine like I told ya
Hard as a boulder
Motha fuckin soulja
Boom bam boom!! It's a stick up
Vice president Dan Quayle eat a dick up
Peep game

[Deadly Threat:]

Punk bitch, how ya like me now?
Can't fuck around wit the funky style
Put it together like a puzzle builder
If Threat don't get cha, Pac gon' kill ya

[2Pac:]

Punk motha fucka
Fuck all those motha fuckas, they all can eat a mothafucking dick up
Word up. Fuck the police. I don't give a fuck
Bobcat in this mothafucka boy
Big up! Big up! To the criminals
Fuck em
"This is serious business"
Yeah, microphone mafia
2Pac, Threat, Bobcat
93 shot
Yeah nigga, bitch